TO HIS WIFE.

The Married Man Sends a Valentine

I want some kind of a valentine,
To send to that little wife of mine,
Who's waiting at home for me;
Not paper Cupids and gilded darts,
Nor silly verses, nor satin hearts,
But something—let me see—

Suppose I send her a bunch of posies,
Some violets or a box of roses—
A dollar apiece, you say?
Good Lord! She would ask me what I meant
By spending so much on sentiment,
And flowers, anyway!

By Jove! I'll get her some gloves! Eh, what?
Her size? Great heavens, I have forgot!
Now am I not a dunce?
Alas, that a man should grow so stupid!
Give me an inspiration, Cupid!
I used to have them once.

I used to send her gloves and rings,
Bonbons and flowers, fans and things,
And kisses to her I carried.
But, oh, it was all so different then!
Alas! could we only live over again
Those days before we married!

I might write for her a little rhyme,
And I really would if I had the time
And knew what I want to say;
But the grind of work has dulled my brain!
Besides I have got to catch a train,
So I'll write no rhymes to-day.

Ah, well! it is useless trying to think!
Bring me my check book and pen and ink.
Hang sentiment by the neck
What's the use of St. Valentine's Day?
I'll settle the thing in the same old way,
With a forty-dollar check!

—New York Press.

FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

The Heart Hunt and Other Amusing Games and Pastimes.

The first suggestion for a Valentine day party is in the form of a heart hunt. Small paper hearts, red and white, should be hidden all about the room, with occasional chocolate or other candy hearts here and there. The object is for each person to search for the hearts, and the one who finds the greatest number of paper ones, which are the real counters in the game, wins the first prize.

The first prize should be something in the form of a heart, say a photograph holder, a charm, a locket, or a bonbonniere. Some of the hearts should be broken into two pieces if candy ones, or torn if paper, and special prizes offered to those who find the pieces that fit together.

The player who finds most hearts is supposed to be the one who will first be married. To the one who finds least, a consolation prize should be given. If a girl, a suitable prize would be a tea cup and saucer, or a worsted kitten, as she is destined to be an "old maid." A suitable consolation prize for a boy would be a card

If it chance to hit the white,
You will meet your fate to-night.

All alone your years will mellow,
Should your arrow meet the yellow.

If the dart go wide astray,
You will throw your heart away.

Should it pierce the heart of gold,
Joy for you, and love untold!

If you have a Valentine day party you will serve refreshments, and the idea of the day of hearts and love must be carried out as far as possible in everything arranged.

A very pretty way to send your guests to the dining-room is to have some pink flowers in two separate baskets, pink carnations for the boys and pink roses for the girls, for pink is the special color of the god of love. Write beforehand on small cards the names of some famous lovers of history and fiction, fastening the cards with the names of men to the carnations and those with the names of women to the roses. Such names should be selected as Romeo and Juliet, Orlando and Rosalind, Hamlet and Ophelia, Petrarch and Laura, Dante and Beatrice, Leicester and Queen Elizabeth, John Alden and Priscilla, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and so on.

Then as each boy takes a carnation

The King of Hearts and the Fortune-telling Target.

of buttons, or a little work basket, as he will have to learn the use of them in his bachelorhood.

Another game appropriate to the day is "Broken Hearts." Cut out of red cardboard as many hearts, about six inches across, as you will have pairs of guests. Then, with sharp shears, cut each of these into many small pieces, square, crescent shaped, wedge shaped, and so on, keeping the pieces of each heart separate from the others by putting them into an envelope.

Now, from different colored papers cut small hearts, two of each, and put them into two bowls. The players then select one each, the girls from one bowl, the boys from another, and the boys then find their partners in the girls who have hearts matching in color those they have selected.

The envelopes are then distributed, one to each couple, and they must try to put the pieces together to form a perfect heart. The two who first do this stand up and are crowned with red roses made of paper, as this was a classic honor bestowed upon Cupid, the god of love. If you prefer, the girl may be crowned with roses and the boy with a laurel wreath.

This diversion is especially good fun. Get a sheet of heavy cardboard, twenty-five or thirty inches square, and draw on it as large a heart as you can. Then cut the heart out and cover it with white muslin to strengthen it; it may also be braced at the back by strips of wood.

Around the edge of the heart paint a border in green, about three inches wide, which of course, gives you the outlines of a green heart. Inside this paint a black heart of the same width, and again a third in yellow, a fourth in blue, a fifth in red, and in the center a bull's-eye of gold paint, leaving a space of white unpainted.

Having prepared as many arrows as there are guests and a gilded Cupid's

and reads the name on the card, he must find the card with the corresponding rose card; that is to say, Romeo must find Juliet, Orlando must find Rosalind, and so on, and they go to the dining-room matched in that way.

The dining-room decorations should be in pink, and as far as possible, heart shaped. Pink crepe paper can be effectively used to give the shape to all the dishes. The ice cream should be served in heart shaped molds or in the form of two doves billing and cooing, and the cream might be pink in color.

Pink hearts, with little love verses attached, should be placed at the guests' places, and these may be taken away as souvenirs of the evening. Following are a few verses that might be used:

Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream. —Moore.

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.
—Dryden.

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—Scott.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
—Tennyson.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned. —Shakespeare.

For toasts, those who remember any other quotations about love may recite them, or each guest might read aloud, between the times of serving, the quotations on the heart shaped cards.

Above the table a bow and an arrow might be suspended, or a cupid, or both.

When the guests have come back from the dining-room to the parlor, hand to each one a little lace edged valentine, with a pencil attached by means of a narrow pink ribbon, and on the back of which the following questions are written. The answers to the questions all begin with the

LINCOLN'S DEEP HUMILITY

Pride of Place or Power Never a Fault of the Great President

They tell us that Lincoln's favorite poem was that familiar hymn, so simple, so generally neglected by the mass of mankind, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" Do you know there is something most touchingly pathetic in that? Think of the position Lincoln occupied—the most exalted in the world. Surely it is that. No man is born to the presidency of the United States. He is there by no accident of birth or otherwise. He is there by the deliberate choice of the 1,000,000 sovereign people who have the choosing of a head for a nation of 8,000,000 of the most intelligent, progressive and prosperous people on earth. None but great men ought to be exalted to such a place. None but great men have been exalted to it in 12 years. It is the place of highest distinction among men. Think of the humble origin from which Lincoln rose to fill such a place. How unexpectedly the honor must have come to him. How great the temptation to be proud must have been.

Then think of the time in which Lincoln filled this place of so great distinction. History was being made every second of the time—history so momentous in its bearings on the future of the human race as to overshadow all other events, in what we usually call "profane history." The tasks to be performed, the perplexities to be met were stupendous. The fate of armies, aye, the fate of nations, indeed the fate of the race hung in the balance and depended on whether this man should perform the tasks, meet the perplexities, solve the complex problems of the hour aright, or blunder and fail in his administration of his high office. He must have been keenly conscious all the time of his name, the name he wrote so often, the name so familiar to his eye and ear, the name which had been his when a child, when a boy as well as when President, "Abraham Lincoln," was to appear in the pages of the world's history as long as men should read history. That name was to stand out like a beacon light on the top of a mountain before all ages. This was to be so whether he succeeded or failed in the performance of his task. Come what might, his was to be "one of those immortal names that were not born to die."

Think of this; and was it not pathetic that the great, patient, grim figure should sit there with the great events of civil war surging around him, with hosts of men marching past his windows, going "to do or die" for their country. Great generals, dust-covered and begrimed with the mud of the war, bloodstained with the lash of battle, cast down by defeat, or flushed with victory, bent before him. The statesmen of the nation, the greatest sons of all the soil, stood to hear his commands, and every wish he expressed was a command to the greatest of them; statesman or warrior, whichever it might be.

And there that grim, gaunt figure sat, and in all his weary, lonely hours of all that prolonged struggle, the uppermost thought in his mind, outside of those of his office, was embodied in the simple lines of that old hymn, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" The great strain which rested on the tired brain of the great President, the awful flood of sadness that surged through his heart with every thought of the great war and all its possibilities and uncertainties, found relief and solace in those lines. They held him heart and soul bound to a higher power than earth could furnish, to a reliance on a higher wisdom than statesmen have, to a stronger arm than wielded any earthly sword. The battle was not his, and its results did not rest at last with him. To do his best, to exercise all the wisdom he had, to be loyal to his duty and leave results with One whom he had learned to call the "God of Battles," the "Lord of Hosts," was all he could do, and, playing such a part as that, not able to foresee the issue, often in doubt whether he was doing the right thing at the right time, in the right way, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Why should it be, to be sure? And if Lincoln sat all through so many lonely hours of dismay, doubt and anxiety, of great deeds, of events that stirred the nations, of achievements whose echoes ran around the world and must re-echo to the last syllable of recorded time, why should the spirit of little men be proud? The human race has done great things. But the race did them, not the individual. Our share in any of the great achievements of the world is small. The part of the greatest man is small in them. The part of any generation is small. We are not so great after all, that any one of us should feel undue conceit in anything accomplished by the race, still less of our part in it. Man in his higher stages of development, the highly organized human being, civilized man, lived at least 6,000 years on the earth before he discovered the fact that a load will move more easily if the vehicle which carries it is placed on a steel rail and set above the mud than if sunken in the soil. The Baltic as she plows her great bulk through the seas is certainly a wonderful thing. But it required a great many generations to get to it. The use of the electric current is amazing, but it is the result of thousands of years of human thought and effort. Tennyson is right—"We men are but a little race."

MADE PRESIDENT HIS DEBTOR.

Citizen's Interview Short, but He Twice Saved Lincoln.

During the civil war Noel P. Aldrich of Croton, Iowa, visited the White House for the purpose of presenting his claim for an appointment in the army. Although much younger than the President, he resembled Mr. Lincoln in height and breadth, as well as facially.

Upon entering the reception room, Mr. Aldrich observed that fifteen or more individuals were ahead of him, and, concluding that he would be obliged to wait for some time, he sought a chair, placed it at the other end of the long table, facing the President, and became a very much interested looker-on. He noted the eager looks of hope or apprehension as the individuals had their turns, and he noted the fact that, for some reason or other, Mr. Lincoln said "No" to them, but in a very engaging, pleasant and deprecating way.

While this play was going on before him, the Spanish minister entered, accompanied by a couple of admirals or other high officers of the Spanish navy, to pay their respects to the President, and they walked directly toward Mr. Aldrich. The President saw what was going on, and he nodded his head earnestly, so that Mr. Aldrich understood his meaning, and he arose, greeted the visitors, said a few words expressing appreciation for the call, and they departed, under the impression that they had spoken to President Lincoln, the latter having carefully screened himself (sitting down), behind the squad of office-seekers at his end of the table.

When it came his turn Mr. Aldrich said: "I came here, Mr. President, to ask you for an appointment in the army, but, after seeing that you are obliged to say no to everybody, I have concluded that I will not trouble with my request, but will bid you good-by, and wish you lots of good-luck."

"I thank you very heartily," said President Lincoln. "You have thus done me two favors in a very brief time. I thank you for entertaining the Spanish visitors, and I thank you for not asking for an office. Now run home quick, or you may repent the latter favor."—Los Angeles Times.

Lincoln's Humorous Comment.

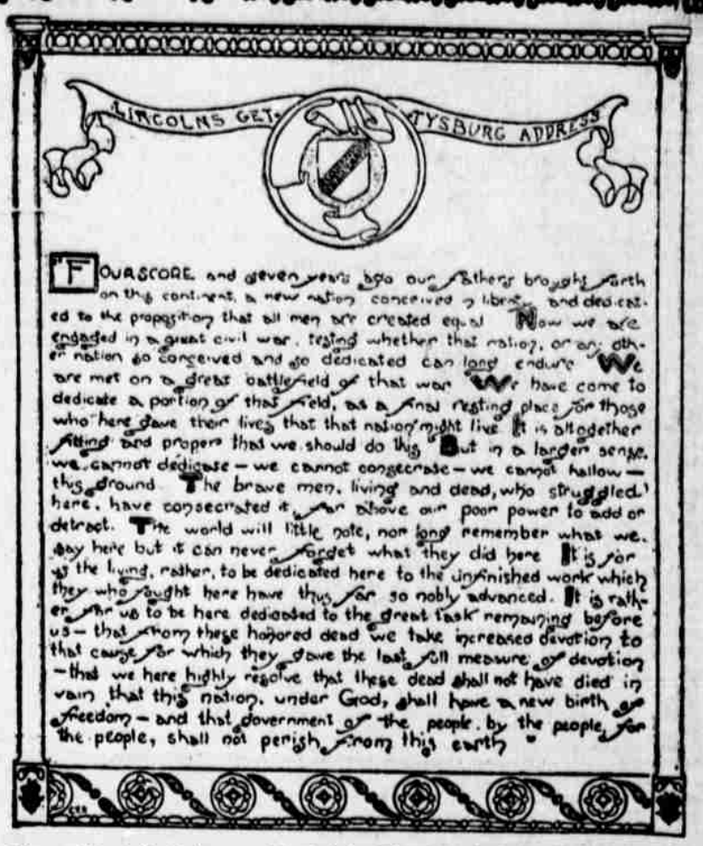
On one occasion an official letter was received from the operator at Wilmington, Del., on the route of the line from Washington to Fortress Monroe. The operator's name was Jack Wintrup, who is still living in Philadelphia. Wintrup's name was written in a bold hand, with the final letter quite large, almost like a capital, and ending in a series of flourishes which partly obscured the name. Mr. Lincoln seeing the letter and noticing the peculiar signature said that it reminded him of a short-legged man wearing a long-tailed overcoat, which, as the man walked through the snow, wiped out the tracks made by his feet.

LINCOLN IN EARLY YOUTH.

Reproduced From Oil Painting.

AMONG THE IMMORTALS

All Nations of the World Have So Written Abraham Lincoln



FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from this earth.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that one man is always three men, the man as he sees himself, the man as others see him, and the man as God sees him.

We know how Abraham Lincoln saw himself. Lincoln's estimate of Lincoln was a very modest, humble and moderate one.

We know how other people now see Abraham Lincoln in the light of the translations of his actions by results and by time.

We can reverently believe that Abraham Lincoln as God saw him brought neither reproach nor contradiction, to say the least, to the conception of him by the people of the earth, when they came to understand him in the light of the events to which he will ever be sublimely related in human estimate.

While his is a fame and a service this republic for manifest reasons, mainly remembers and observes, all nations of the world write him among the immortals, and the ascent of every one of them to better things is sympathetically assisted by the force and the fragrance of his career here.

He is gradually becoming idealized. That is not to be regretted. His idealization is only that revelation of him from the skies to men, as God saw him when the heavens received him out of our sight.

We are glad our government and our people make his birthday a holiday. We are aware that it is difficult to hold the observance of his birthday to solemn ceremonies or within memorial services. That is the law of the effect of holidays among free people, as distance in time increases from the death of the entirely great. The significance is less in the celebration of the time than in the fact of setting it forth by law and by sentiment as a holiday at all.

That fact is in itself a transcendant tribute. Individuals will act according to their temperament or their conditions, but the nation as an individuality, by suspending its business, by ceasing from its contentions, by bringing its activities of government to a halt, on this birthday of its pre-eminently great modern man, pays a tribute's crown of tribute to his work and to his worth, and that is the supreme and the universal homage.

We trust that the idealization of Lincoln will always continue; that the endeavor to reduce the measurement of him will cease, or will never succeed. We have no sympathy with the petty endeavors which have been put forth to that effect in the case of Washington. The instincts of mankind have measured them small, who have tried to reduce the heroic appraisal of Washington in the alleged interest of "truth." The endeavor has never enlisted large minds or large souls, and the little ones it has enlisted have reduced even themselves by the endeavor.

As it is with Washington, so should it be with his one peer in our history, whose anniversary is now at hand. The idealization of both gives us the real men. Puny efforts to impair that idealization affect not the proportions of the men any more than the slime of flies affects the stately columns on which flies may light—or crawl. Those of us who saw and met Lincoln in our boyhood are not yet far beyond the middle period of life. They can never feel that their experience in meeting him did not register the high water mark of their lives here. So felt those who, in former generations, met Washington. The two, Washington, the grandest of human characters, and Lincoln, the most human of grand characters, should never be differentiated in the minds or hearts of Americans.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE FOREFATHERS OF LINCOLN.

All Pioneers and a Strain of Tragedy Runs Through Their History.

Abraham Lincoln's forefathers were pioneers—men who left their homes to open up the wilderness and make the way plain for others to follow them. For one hundred and seventy years, ever since the first American Lincoln came from England to Massachusetts, in 1638, they had been moving slowly westward as new settlements were made in the forest. They faced solitude, privation and all the dangers and hardships that beset men who take up their homes where only beasts and wild men have had homes before; but they continued to press steadily forward, though they lost fortune and sometimes even life itself in their westward progress. Back in Pennsylvania and New Jersey some of the Lincolns had been men of wealth and influence. In Kentucky, where the future President was born, on Feb. 12, 1809, his parents lived in deep poverty. Their home was a small log cabin of the rudest kind, and nothing seemed more unlikely than that their child, coming into the world in such humble surroundings, was destined to be the greatest man of his time. True to his race, he also was to be a pioneer—not indeed, like his ancestors, a leader into new woods and unexplored fields, but a pioneer of a nobler and grander sort, directing the thoughts of men ever toward the right, and leading the American people, through difficulties and dangers and a mighty war, to peace and freedom.

The story of this wonderful man begins and ends with a tragedy, for his grandfather, also named Abraham, was killed by a shot from an Indian's rifle while peaceably at work with his three sons on the edge of their frontier clearing. Eighty-one years later the President himself met death by an assassin's bullet. The murderer of one was a savage of the forest; the murderer of the other that far more cruel thing, a savage of civilization. —From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, in St. Nicholas.

EVER FULL OF LOCAL PRIDE.

Quality Which Made Lincoln Popular and Lovable.

Perhaps Lincoln's most winning quality with young and old alike was his sincere belief in his fellow townsmen and their community, says Frederick Trevor Hill in the Century. Local pride never had a more buoyant champion than he. For him Sangamon county in general, and New Salem in particular, was the promised land, and he was confident that the people were equal to the task of developing it according to its needs. Thus when it was first suggested that the shallow, snag-bound Sangamon river was navigable and might be made a great highway of commerce, he eagerly championed the theory and worked with voice, pen and hand to realize a practical result. The Sangamon is still unnavigable and New Salem has disappeared, but Lincoln's plea for improving the waterway remains as evidence of his sincere belief in the future of the community and to show us what he could do with a weak cause at the age of 23.

The argument is not remarkable, but it is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. Although he was young and boyishly enthusiastic, Lincoln did not overstate the possibilities nor underestimate the difficulties of his case, and despite the really laughable attempt which was afterward made to force the passage of the Sangamon, there was nothing ludicrous in his plea. What he claimed sounds reasonable, and what he hoped for possible, even in the face of failure.

This early effort plainly indicates Lincoln's natural aptitude for logical statement. But it does more than that. It displays a trait which few lawyers possess; for the ability to present facts clearly, concisely and effectively without taking undue advantage of them is a rare legal quality. It requires not only ability, but courage; not only tact, but character. It is one of the infallible tests which distinguish the legal bravo from the jurist.